

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Suffragists Entertain Men From Navy Yard at Headquarters on Saturday Night—Other Happenings in World of Society

THE Suffrage Headquarters, at 1721 Chestnut street, was some gay little place on Saturday night when a number of women entertained a number of men from the navy yard with music and dancing and eats.

Every week during the summer these kind women entertain the "boys" and they certainly do give them a good time. Next Saturday there is to be a party on the roof garden of the New Century Guild, which is on Locust above Thirtieth street.

On Saturday Mrs. Kulling was the hostess, and she was assisted by a number of pretty girls, who fed the men goodies and danced with them and talked with them as if they were having the time of their young lives, and indeed I believe they did, if I might judge from a certain mischievous expression I caught in some of those damsel's eyes.

Eyes are funny things, aren't they, when they belong to some little cuties with very demure faces and long lashes. Did you ever hear the song about the naughty little eye? Perhaps you have not, so I'll give it to you, though it's much funnier when it is sung and the left eye rolled, as a certain fair, perhaps fat, but by no means forty, individual I know and you know rolls hers when she sings it:

Oh, you've got to stop making them so beautiful. Or it's good-night, nurse, for me. I am a human being and my eyes were made to see. Oh! my right eye is a good little eye, but my left eye is to roam. Oh! you've got to stop making them so beautiful. Or I'll have to leave my left eye a home.

But all this is aside from the Suffrage party on Saturday night, for, of course, no one made eyes there, though there were two pairs of awful naughty brown and blue eyes present, for I saw them myself. However, Mrs. Kulling was aided in receiving and entertaining the men by Miss Harned, Edith Smiley, the two Misses, Betty Elliot, Margaret Keeling and several others. 'Twas French holiday night, and the tricolors were much in evidence in the decorations.

Altogether, it was a huge success, and the jockies and marines who attended had a great time. The latest thing these suffragists are doing now is to invite two of the men out to their homes for the week-ends. Not all the suffragists, mind you, but those of a discernible age, that the young men may be thoroughly well chaperoned. They give them a dandy time, let me tell you, and the men love this taste of home, for so many of them are miles away from their own home and mothers.

Those who are not going on visits this week are going away "on their own hook," so to speak, but still there will be some visiting. The Van Rensselaers, for instance, are going to leave Camp Hill and go up to Dark Harbor on the George W. Childs Drexels, who have a wonderful home there. Mrs. Van Rensselaer and Mr. Drexel are brother and sister, you know. Mrs. Van Rensselaer having been Sarah Drexel before she married the late Mr. Fell. Mr. Van Rensselaer is her second husband.

The John Cadwalader Jr.s are now at their country place in Broad East, but later they will visit Mr. Cadwalader's parents at York Harbor. Mrs. John Wister, of Belvidere, leaves this week for Nova Scotia. Sarah Wister Starr goes with her grandmother and several other members of the family. Mrs. Wister's granddaughter, Miss Mary Stuart Wrist, married Grey Dayton last week. Grey comes from Haddonfield and is related to the Daytons of Trenton, one of whom was a judge. Miss Maria Stockton, daughter of the late Robert Stockton, married Judge Dayton a number of years ago. She lives in New York since her husband's death.

THE Harry Waln Harrison are dividing their summer between Eaglesmere and Narragansett Pier. Eaglesmere has become awfully popular this year for Philadelphia, and no wonder, for the lake is absolutely gorgeous and there is so much to do, however, persons who have ever spent the summer at Narragansett Pier always want to go back, and this is the case with Frances Roberts Harrison and her husband. The Russell Thayers and their attractive daughter Molly are going to Eaglesmere also.

BAR HARBOR is still calling its devotees, and Gee Heckscher and his sister, Miss Lucretia Heckscher, are going up there this week, and I hear the Jim Winsor Jr.s are going to Eaglesmere. Really, it will seem like a young Main Line up there, won't it? Two more recruits have started out for Struthers Burt's Camp in Wyoming this week. Mrs. William Biddle Cadwalader and Christine. The ranch is at Jackson's Hole, and is simply gorgeous, with its wonderful scenery and rides over the great country.

THE Bertram Lippincotts have gone up to Jamestown and the Mantle Fieldings are also going up; they have spent every summer there for years. The Wetherills are also great lovers of Jamestown, which is ever a popular place on the New England coast, because it lies just between those two great centers of fashionable life—Newport and Narragansett; and yet, if one wants quiet and rest one can have it at Jamestown.

HEAR the William Adams, of Chestnut Hill, or rather St. Martins, to be strictly accurate, have closed their house and have gone to a camp in Maine for the remainder of the summer. At least Mrs. Adams and the kiddies will stay all summer, but Adjutant Adams, better known as "Bill," must needs return in a fortnight for the pride of his heart—the Chestnut Hill Cavalry, with which he is connected as a cad.

The Mrs. Adams were last organizing



MRS. HARRY WALN HARRISON Mrs. Harrison, who will spend the summer in Eaglesmere and at Narragansett Pier, is considered one of Philadelphia's smartest young matrons.

"Bill" was called to the phone at all hours and when he was not at home it was she who answered all questions, and she added that she had a telephone acquaintance with at least 150 Chestnut Hill men and really knew them quite well, you know—all about their khaki coats and puttees and hats and dispositions.

IF WE could only "see ourselves" sometimes when other people see us and we don't want them to, how we should laugh! How, indeed? Why just as the others do. If the young man in this story could have seen himself he might not have blushed so hard and he really might have joined the suppressed giggler, or rather the suspected suppressed giggler, of the tale.

He had been dining at a picturesque Colonial mansion, where he had talked very impressively about the war with Papa, and had conversed very—well, anyhow, he had conversed with Papa's daughter for several hours. With a graceful bow he made his adieu shortly after 10 o'clock and started down the flower-bordered path to the gate.

To say he was dressed in his very best from top to toe would not exaggerate matters at all, and his patent-leather pumps and "boiled" shirt fitted his beautiful mood, as if they had been made to order, and perhaps they had. Just how can one fit a mood, Nancy? interrupts Nelly, but suffice it to say one can, if one gets the proper mood and the proper boiled shirt.

The young man was a little annoyed when he reached the gate to find that it was locked. It is humiliating to unlock a gate several times and find you are fooling with the hinge and with no reason for such "after effects." However, there must be a lock somewhere, so he tried the other end, hoping now that no one was looking. He found the lock all right and gave it a mighty push—nothing stirred. Having used up all the other available space he now blushed in the back of his neck—and shoved again.

After some fifteen minutes of pulling, pushing and one thing or another—no body heard what he said, a maid, slightly flushed and smiling broadly, ran down the path from the house. "I'm afraid you'll have to climb over the wall, sir," she said. "We are always having trouble with the gate."

That was the time he should have seen himself—he wasn't half so pretty when he reached the other side of the wall. The patent-leather pumps were no longer patent and the boiled shirt and the creamy white trousers gave witness of their contact with Mother Earth. His hair was tousled, his hands were scratched and his pride was crushed to earth, never to rise again.

For the thing that lingered in his mind's ear—if there is such a thing—as he brushed himself off and soothed his harassed feelings with a few, very few, but well-chosen words, was the slight but unmistakable sound of a much-amused, very feminine giggle that came from the vines that hid the porch. Methinks it will be a cold, frosty day when he enters that house again.

And in a way, one can't blame him, for it was certainly not his fault that the gate was stuck and it was scarcely kind of his late hostess to laugh at his discomfort. Men can stand anything but ridicule, it seems.

I SEE that Frances Clark is spending a portion of her well-earned vacation in Atlantic City. I say well-earned, for of course you know that since early in the spring she has been selling hats in the inner salon of one of the department stores in town. You can well imagine if you have not already seen her what a figure she cuts in this role. People who are not "in the know" invariably ask who the statuesque young woman is on spying her for the first time. So many girls take up work of this kind, but few stick as she has done, so more praise to her. For although going abroad to nurse the wounded may be more spectacular, sticking in a shop all during the torrid weather, and living in town—the College Club, I believe, is her domicile—while all of one's friends are departing themselves in the mountains or at the seashore, is hardly less heroic.

NANCY WYNN

MANY WAR GARDENS IN ROXBOROUGH

Community Patches Are All the Rage in This Busy Little Suburb

"Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing! The faint sweet smell of the green things growing! I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve. Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing."

All patriotic citizens doing their bit with a war garden, be it large or small, are reaping their reward in unconscious happiness. The sunshines of the green things growing mean so much more than mere food to nourish our bodies, though many hearts fail to understand these living pieces of the book, "What you sow, you reap, your garden or your patch tonight notice how they seem to comfort you."

There is an ideal war garden in Roxborough, planted by twenty members of the Bible class of the Leverington Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Dwight C. Hanna is pastor. The ground is the Hermine street side of the plot surrounding the old Jones homestead on Ridge avenue opposite Gorgas Park, and was loaned for the purpose by William Rosa Hagart, a member of the church. Frank Robinson heads the farm committee, and this is some farm, for all the workers are business men who do the work outside of business hours in the early twilight or Saturday afternoon.

Peas, potatoes, lettuce, lima and string beans, tomatoes, parsley, carrots; but times would fail me to tell all the good things that are growing. In harvest time each man will have a fine crop for himself and plenty for his less fortunate brother. A. G. Eisenhart is president of the class; James Hamsey, vice president; Clarke Terhune, secretary, and George Robinson, treasurer.

In Upper Roxborough the Manhattan Baptist Sunday school, Ridge avenue and McFadden street, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary on Saturday at its annual picnic at the Woods, on Anderson avenue. Exercises were held in the afternoon, with John R. Goshon, the superintendent, presiding. William F. Dixon read a historical sketch and address, and Mrs. M. J. Lee, Rev. C. Roy Angell, pastor; Rushrod W. Hagy, William Culp, William H. Harner and Harry Wentzell, former superintendent, and Jacob Bahr, of Chestnut Hill, one of the originators of the school.

On July 14, 1867, the Sunday school was started in the Masonic Hall, Ridge and Massena avenues, with seventy scholars. Joseph V. Peterman was superintendent. Edward Whitehead, singing master; Peter Bechtel, Charles Randall, Moses Pierce, teachers, and Mrs. S. B. Linton in charge of the primary department. The school, occupied by the church is the highest point in Philadelphia City.

Roxborough brides are returning from their wedding trips and will receive during August. This suburb is not only beautiful, but a decidedly comfortable place in summer. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pierce, who have been visiting Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia, are at home at 607 Ridge avenue. The bride was May E. Yeabler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Yeabler, of Ridge avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Fisher, the latter Caroline Mitchell, daughter of B. Arthur Mitchell, of Lancaster street, will receive at their home, 4349 Lauriston street. The new friends of the bride will be glad to hear of the addition of a well-known member to the Roxborough's musical circle. She has been living in Denver for four years and was prominent in many musical affairs in the West. Mr. and Mrs. William MacHugh are also among the returned newlyweds. They will be at home at 323 Lyceum avenue. The bride will be remembered as Marie Weyler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Weyler, of Fleming street.

BRIDESBURG HAS ITS QUOTA OF SOCIAL NEWS

Several Guards Stationed at the Frankford Arsenal Have Short Furloughs

News of "our boys" in the various parts of the city is always interesting, and from Bridesburg comes the word that Dr. C. W. Judd, who is very well known and liked there, has enlisted in the medical corps and will leave shortly for the front. Private Joseph Rose, of Company F, First Regiment, left Thursday to spend a short furlough at Beach Haven.

Corporal Thomas Brown, of Company E, First Regiment, now stationed at the Frankford Arsenal, left yesterday for a visit to Carney Point, N. J. Corporal Mark C. Buckley, stationed at the Frankford Arsenal, spent some time, not at the arsenal, but where? It is whispered among us that "Corporal Buckley can take his choice of Allen, New York, Baltimore, Harrisburg or Wilmington.

Mrs. Joseph Muir has closed her home at Pratt and Mulm streets for the summer and, accompanied by her daughter May, will spend a greater part of the warm season at the Pennsylvania, in Wildwood, Mr. Muir, though detained in town by business, will spend the week-ends with his wife and their charming young daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Messer and their daughter Emma will leave July 18 for a tour of Connecticut.

Social Activities

Captain and Mrs. Stanley W. Root have returned from Breckinridge, Kentucky. Kenneth Root, Mr. and Captain Root has rejoined his regiment, the Second Pennsylvania Field Artillery, which was called into Federal service on Sunday. He is at present visiting her mother, Mrs. John Tabele Brown, of Prospect avenue, Chestnut Hill. She will be remembered as Miss Henrietta Elizabeth Brown, who was married last month. She plans to spend the summer in the vicinity of the training camp of her husband's regiment.

Dr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Adler, Jr., are staying at the Chalfonte Hotel, Atlantic City, for the summer months. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Heed Adler, after spending their honeymoon at Rausette Lake, New York, have left for Woods Hole, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Gutman, 822 Snyder avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Rose Gutman, to Mr. David S. Blum.

The wedding of Miss Catherine MacInnis, daughter of Mrs. Catherine MacInnis, of Annapolis, Md., and Mr. Harry E. Scout, of 234 South Seventeenth street, was celebrated at the Church of the Redemption, Fifty-sixth and Market streets, Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Albert E. Clay, D. D. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Ignatius Madison, while Mr. T. Howard May acted as best man. The bridegroom was with the Second Pennsylvania Field Artillery on Sunday.

Lutherans Celebrate Anniversary

THE WILLOWBYS' WARD



Professor Willowby and his wife undertake the guardianship of the orphan daughter of an old friend. The poor child accepts an invitation to make her home with them.

THE DAY OF WRATH

A STORY OF 1914 By Louis Tracy

CHAPTER XII—(Continued)

DALROY wondered why the man allowed him to assist Irene, but such passing thoughts were as straws in a whirlwind. He bent his wits to the one problem. He was lost. Could he save her? Heaven alone would decide. A poor mortal might only pray for guidance as to the right course.

Inside the tumble-down barn the light was bad, so the prisoners were halted in the doorway, and a score of troopers gathered around. They were not, on the whole, a raffish set. Every man wore the stamp of a trained soldier, the device of a skull and cross-bones worked in white braid on their brass caps gave them an imposing and martial aspect.

"Here you are!" announced the burly George, producing a frayed sheet of paper. "Let's see—there's six of 'em. Henri Joes, miller, aged sixty-five, five feet three inches. Elizabeth Joes, his wife, aged forty-five. Leontine Joes, daughter, aged nineteen, plump, good-looking, black eyes and hair, clear complexion, red cheeks. Jan Maertz, carter, aged twenty-six, height five feet eight inches, blue eyes, brown hair, dark brown eyes. These latter (the English) speak German and French. The girl, in particular, uses good German fluently."

"Click!" ejaculated Franz, imitating the snapping of a pair of handcuffs. "Shave your hair, and wig off the lady in her ordinary togs, and you've got them to the dots on the G. Who are the first two for patrol?"

"A couple of men answered. "Some boys," went on Franz briefly, "but you must hoof it to Osterzele, and lay Jan Maertz by the heels. You saw him, I suppose? If you do, bring him back here—George, ride into Oombergen, show an officer that extract from the Argentine news, and get hold of a transport. These fellows are of no use to us here. They're investigation, had recovered her self-control. She turned to Dalroy. Her eyes were shining with the little and in a woman, "could you be only one meaning. "I fear I am to blame," she murmured. "I might have saved you."

"No, no," he broke in, "I'm not to blame. You go inside, Fraulein. You can sit on a broken ladder near the door. The horses won't hurt you. As for you, Mr. Captain, you're a slippery fellow, so we'll hold you in the barn. It was useless to do other than fall in with the orders given. He did not try to answer Irene, but merely looked at her and smiled. "You may even take him to the station, if you like. I'll be there in half an hour. You'll find me at once a message of eloquent brevity. Possibly, he might never see her again. But the bitterness of approaching death, enlarged as it was by the knowledge that he should not have a chance to see her again, was too much for him. He turned to Dalroy, who was standing in the open net, was assuaged in one vital particular. The woman he loved was absolutely safe now from a set of leucious brutes. She might be ever so much in the hands of the authorities, but she was safe. He turned to Dalroy, who was standing in the open net, was assuaged in one vital particular. The woman he loved was absolutely safe now from a set of leucious brutes. She might be ever so much in the hands of the authorities, but she was safe.

"Where is the female prisoner?" said Von Halwig, with a formality that was as perplexing as his subdued manner. "Here, Herr Hauptmann."

"Here, Herr Hauptmann." So far as Dalroy could judge, no word was spoken. The torch flared again, remained lighter a full half-minute, and was extinguished. Von Halwig reappeared, seemed to ponder a moment, and turned to the corporal. "Put the woman in my car," he said. "Fall in your men, and be ready to escort her back to the village. You've done a good day's work, corporal."

"Two men have gone in pursuit of Jan Maertz, sir." "Never mind. They'll have sense enough to come on to headquarters if they catch him. How is this Englishman secured?" "The slybant Franz explained. "Mount him on one of your horses. The trooper can squeeze in in front of the car. Has the female prisoner a dagger or a pistol?" "I have not searched her Herr Hauptmann."

"Make sure, but offer no violence or discourtesy. I want a few words with him in private. Assemble your men around the car, and take the woman there now." Irene was led out. She paused in the doorway, and the corporal thought she did not know what she was wanted for. "You are to be conveyed in the automobile. Goby, my dear one," she walked in a heart-broken way. "We may not meet again on this earth, but I am yours to all eternity."

"With these words in my ears I shall die happy," said Dalroy. Her embrace thrilled him with a strange ecstasy, yet the pain of that parting was worse than death. Were ever lovers' vows plighted in such conditions in the history of this gray old world? Franz seized the girl's arm. She knew it would be undignified to resist. Kissing Dalroy again, she whispered a last choking farewell, and suffered her guide to take her where he willed. She walked with stumbling feet. Her eyes were dimmed with tears; but, sustained by the pride of her race, she refused to sob, and bit her lower lip in dauntless resolve not to yield.

The rain was beating down now in heavy gusts. Von Halwig, if he had no concern for the comfort of the troopers, had a good deal for his own.

(Copyright, Edward S. Clode. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

FARMER SMITH'S COLUMN

CHEERFULNESS

MY Dear Children—What is your idea of CHEERFULNESS? Did you know that it was a good thing to have people say that YOU are cheerful? I was talking to a hotel man the other day and he told me that one of his cooks was CHEERFUL. I had never thought of using the word in that connection before. It seems that when the "help" are cheerful it makes things go smoother and every one is happier. I hope you are cheerful about your work. As one decayed apple in the barrel is likely to spoil the whole barrel, so in the household some one who is not cheerful is likely to upset the whole family.

Remember that. These are very trying times. Every one has something to do which he has never done before and it is in the question of adapting ourselves to these new conditions and getting used to the uncertainty of things that keeps us anxious.

Everything goes all the smoother if we try to be cheerful. There is no use talking, we are always in contact. The thing is, do not let the croaky ones upset us, cling to the cheerful ones and let us be cheerful ourselves.

Your loving editor, FARMER SMITH

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF BILLY BUMPUS

THE FIRE

By Farmer Smith

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Billy Bumpus, as he stretched himself and yawned. "What a dark night it is! But it is not true that it is always darkest just before dawn. I will think it is nearly morning, but I will take a walk around and see what is going on. One must not always wait for things to come to him."

Billy got up and walked around. The general's house seemed very dark. Over on the other side of the camp the guard was pacing up and down. Billy went to the kitchen and tried to get something to eat. It was open. He walked in and started around the kitchen in search of something to eat.

"Ouch," he shouted. He had run into a chair and bumped his knee. "It seems like all the hurt in your body is in your shin." Sniff. Sniff.

Billy went all around the kitchen and failed to find anything to eat. Then he went into the dining room. It had been there—it was a busy place then and so it always is. Suddenly Billy heard a buzzing noise in the kitchen. "I am sure of it again!" he exclaimed, but, after staying quiet for a while he heard no other noise, so he began to walk around under the dining room table. The buzzing noise was heard again, much to Billy's annoyance. Then a thought struck him—he was stepping on the buzzer under the table.

"If that's a lot of fun," he was saying as he jumped on and off the buzzer. "Bring me a lot of lettuce and some radishes," he ordered. "Hurry up."

Of course, no one came, but it amused Billy to see what was going on. Finally this tired him and he gave the buzzer a long ring and started upstairs. "It smells something funny," he was saying to himself as he climbed the stairs. "It smells like something burning." With that he turned into the back room where the children's playroom was. The smoke seemed thicker. Suddenly Billy saw a little flame shooting out from the corner of the nursery. This gave him light enough to run into one of the front rooms and there, right in front of him, he saw a down comforter. How he loved down comforters! He seized it with his teeth and started to eat it, but at that moment the general's order for the buzzer was pulled off him and he jumped out of bed.

He did not have time to scold that fellow very long, for his nose told him that there was smoke in the house. Not an instant was to be lost. The general rushed into the nursery and from there into the children's room. By this time his good wife was out in the hall shouting "Fire" at the top of her lungs.

The whole camp was astir. The general rushed down the stairs with Burt and his sister Daisy in his arms. The men were so prompt that little damage was done, and all the fire was out in five minutes. Billy, who was on the edge of the crowd, "You saved our lives!" exclaimed the general.

Billy laughed softly to himself. But when Daisy came and put her arms around his neck he was very, very glad he had tried to eat the down comforter. It was morning by this time, and Billy started down the road.

Named member of Food Conference Dr. L. S. Rubinsch, grand master of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, has been appointed a member of the Food Conference, which will be held tomorrow in Washington. The appointment was made by Herbert C. Hoover. The Rev. Dr. Joseph Krauskopf also will be a member at the conference.

Philadelphians Gain Commissions Robert Glendinning, Philadelphia banker, and Barclay H. Warburton, son-in-law of John Wanamaker, are among those who have obtained commissions in the Signal Officers' Reserve Corps, according to announcement from Washington. Other officers named are Philip J. Roosevelt, of the Philadelphia Bar, and J. B. ...

(Continued from page 1)

CHARITIES SUFFERING ON ACCOUNT OF WAR

Gifts to Society Greatly Decreased by Liberty Loan and Red Cross Campaigns

FORCED TO MAKE DEBTS

Home Charity Week Planned as Means of Relieving Distress of Deserving Poor

Philadelphia charities are suffering severely on account of the war, and plans are now being made for the holding of a Home Charity Week. The recent Liberty Loan and Red Cross campaigns have decreased donations to an alarming extent, and at the same time the number of families to be cared for has greatly increased over former years, said J. Byron Deacon, now general secretary of the Society for Organizing Charity, today in his offices at 419 South Fifteenth street.

This society has now found it necessary to borrow money to carry on its work. It cannot curtail this work to any extent without seriously crippling its effectiveness. Normally more than 6000 persons contribute the sum of \$150,000 annually. For the first six months of this year the number of donors has decreased 40 per cent and the amount donated has decreased 50 per cent under last year's figures. It had been anticipated that the society would have fewer families to care for in 1917 owing to the prosperous industrial condition of the country. However, 15 per cent increase in dependent families has been the toll of our prosperity.

"It is a remarkable fact that favorable industrial conditions should increase the number of those depending on the society for help," said Mr. Deacon, "and the only way in which we can account for it is the great increase in the number of families to be cared for. The present condition by a 'home charity' week, in which an energetic campaign will be carried on by the various organizations in this city. It is planned to work out the requirements of each institution in advance and assign a certain percentage of the receipts of the campaign to each.

"Many of the people accustomed to give to the local charities used the money this year for either Liberty Bonds or the Red Cross. Thus these funds were diverted from the usual channel and the burden has fallen on the shoulders of the poor of Philadelphia and the home charities.

The extraordinary conditions prevailing throughout the country have greatly increased the need of all charities. "The woman deserted by her husband as a result of too much war patriotism, the war widow and her need is as great as if the woman who loses her husband in battle," asserted Secretary Deacon. "These cases are becoming increasingly numerous. The crippling of the charitable institution means the removal of the one sure protection for such women, and this in turn will tend to increase the evil.

"The country is vitally interested in the moral condition of the country," he further said. "The morale of the nation is as important as the morale of the troops, and whatever agency tends to harden the moral fiber of the people is indubitably a desirable of institutions caring for the poor would be a real calamity."

Secretary Deacon has recently come to Philadelphia from Pittsburgh to assume his present position. He was born and raised at Hiverton, N. J. For a number of years past he has lived away from Philadelphia, but now has a house at Lansdowne. He has devoted himself to charitable work in New York and Pittsburgh, where he has held responsible positions. He has also made a close study of conditions in England since the beginning of the war.

He says that the salaried class is the one that has suffered most severely as a result of the war in England. Conditions have reached such a state that an association of relief for persons in salaried positions has been formed. Secretary Deacon also points out that the same condition was beginning to prevail in the United States. The great falling off in subscriptions for Liberty Bonds has been in persons usually giving amounts ranging from \$5 to \$50.

WHAT'S DOING TONIGHT The Municipal Band plays at Richmond and Ash streets. Free. The Fairmount Park Band plays at George's Hill. Free. The Philadelphia Band plays at City Hall Plaza. Free. Lecture, "The New Spirit in France," by Doctor Crawford, U. of P. Summer School. Free.

The Stanley CONTINUING 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. MARKET ABOVE 16TH PAULINE FREDERICK In Initial Presentation of "THE LOVE THAT LIVES" There, Phil. Bell, RESUME HAYAKAWA SPECIALTY—EARLY IN SEPTEMBER GOLDEN PICTURES "THE BUSHES—A New Step in Screen Production."

PALACE 1214 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. ANITA STEWART In First Showing of "The Message of the Mouse"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bet. 16th and 17th Sts. 10:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM DESMOND "Time Locks and Diamonds"

REGENT MARKET Below 17th St. 10:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. JULES VERNES' THRILLING ROMANCE "20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA" AS PRESENTED AT THE FOREST.

VICTORIA MARKET Above 16th St. 10:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. WILLIAM FOX Presents Gladys Brockwell in First Presentation of "TO HONOR AND OBEY" Adapted—Charles Chaplin in "The Pawnshop"

GLOBE Theatre MARKET & UNIPER STS. VAUDEVILLE—COMEDY 10:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. "WHO'S TO BLAME?" A Tabled Musical Comedy With 20 Artists

CROSS KEYS DAILY 2:30-10:00 P. M. JAB, GILDEA & CO. "BON VOYAGE" B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE Chestnut and 12th Sts. ANOTHER SUMMER ZOO SHOW! AMELIA STONE and ARMA J. KALING. HERBERT ABLE and JANE ALLEN. HERBERT ABLE and JANE ALLEN. HERBERT ABLE and JANE ALLEN.